

The Saturday Evening Post.

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THE MORALIST.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood—that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered even an advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the Mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

How many indulgences—luxuries—even conveniences, could we dispense with, if we were only blessed with a cheerful temper. It is meat and drink and clothing. A man with it, is happier when clothed in rags, than the discontented Cressus, who is arrayed in purple and fine linen. It is money in bank to a man—for though he may have little money he does not want much. He makes the most of every thing he has. He is the true Economist, for he economises all the means of happiness.

Too much care turns the young man gray. And too much care turns the old man to clay. The truth of the song is better than its metre. A cheerful temper communicates itself to all around you. It drives away from your bosom the ill passions of envy, hatred, devouring ambition, pale faced avarice, and the "green-eyed monster," jealousy.

Whether it depends upon temperament or habit or exertion, this is certain, that cheerfulness seldom agrees with idleness. A man must be employed—his mind must be occupied to a certain extent by some active pursuit—or he becomes dissatisfied, and he preys upon himself.

Cultivate then a cheerful temper. It is the friend of the virtues—the sworn enemy of vice. It rests with yourself to obtain it. When possessed, it sheds light and peace and happiness all around it.

TO THE PRINTERS.

I have long felt a desire to address you, to express my opinion on the character of your paper—and the important responsibility you have upon yourselves as the conductors of a public journal, which may or may not be the means of much advantage to many, and the young in particular, as your attention to propriety in choosing materials for "reproof and instruction," for rational amusement, for example for virtue, and religion, may give it a beneficial tendency.

They who have under their guidance so effective an engine for the improvement in well-doing, and for training the minds and correcting the errors of our youth, should reflect seriously on the nature and purity of those living streams which are to flow from its operation in such extensive and various directions, probably to deaden, if not exterminate, the poisonous weeds of vice, while they nourish and cherish the heavenly plants of truth and morality in the minds of many. These considerations should cause them to be at all times on their guard. To avoid carefully what may have the remotest appearance of an offence against innocence, decency or truth. To be assiduous in procuring that which may gratify, inform and benefit.

It is an evidence I think, of the correctness with which you have conducted your paper, that it has stood while others have fallen; you have been established now about, or a little better than two years, during which period no less than eight papers have started in this city, whether intended as in opposition, I am unable to say, but at any rate with the same opportunities and the same chance of success, and they have failed. You were all equally before the public—the public has seen and judged of your respective merits, and has awarded accordingly. They have unequivocally given to you a preference over the eight. There is in this expression of opinion, a meaning not to be mistaken, and let me add, a confidence not to be abused. The inference to be deduced from this almost exclusive patronage is, that the course you have pursued has been an approved one, and consequently the one which interest and duty point out as the fittest hereafter.

A prominent, and certainly one of the best features in your plan, is the absence of party politics, and religious contentions; these things may be, and very probably are proper enough in their places—in their places then let them be retained.

It is enough for you, that setting aside the bickerings of personal animosities, of local prejudices, and bigoted and often unprofitable ecclesiastical opinions, you open your columns to a view of things more liberal and extensive; that you take in a broad view of the universe, and behold all men as men—God as God every where, equally the father and friend of all—who keeps as watchful an eye over the untutored savage, the poor Siberian, the frozen Laplander and the scorched Ethiopian, as he does over those whose lots are cast in more congenial places. I like the language which inculcates benevolence—I like the maxim which teaches us this truth, that all men are brethren, that there should be no distinction whatever, except between those who strive to do good, and those who do evil. No distinctions but virtue and vice; between a true and holy love of God, and a disregard of his commands; between righteousness and unrighteousness.

But it is impossible for you to expect to get along smoothly—you cannot please all, and at all times, for an obvious reason—a diversity of minds, habits and desires, brings forth correspondent feelings and opinions, which eventuate in secret or open satisfaction or hostility, according as operated on. Now no man can expect to be pleased in all things, and all others to be pleased in like manner with the same also; yet such would seem to be the expectation of many. Some are offended with a trifling tale, or song or jest; with notices of theatrical amusements, races, assemblies and the like—but do they consider that the minds which are pleased with these things, and they are many, in searching for these, may be led unwares, to a perusal of something more serious and important—some moral

reflection, or affecting tale, calculated to convey with effect, some lesson of duty, piety and virtue, that they may be thereby benefited, and made wiser and better, when without the inducements they might have turned their attention to some more trifling employment, and thereby have lost the good which an expectation of mere "fun" may have led them to; for many would pass by a paper, unless it was thought to contain something pleasing and those too who ever think of reading anything, or of looking to amusement beyond the giddy round of pleasure.

NOTE.—We are not desirous of boasting, or of being considered capable of making ungenerous reflections on the misfortune of others, nor shall we it is presumed be accused of either, if we observe, in confirmation of the remark of our correspondent, that while several contemporary papers have failed through want of encouragement, we have continued to receive a regular increase of patronage, and at this moment our paper has nearly five times the number of subscribers it had at its commencement in 1821.

[Eds. Sat. Eve. Post.]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Jack's as good a man as Mr. Longhorne."

Old Jeremy Longhorne was a wealthy gentleman who resided on the heights of the Neshamony, in the county of Bucks. He possessed a large farm, and kept a number of negroes. He was frequently a representative for the county in the old provincial assembly, and was much employed in services of a public and political nature. He died a great many years ago, and his virtues were enumerated by the Bucks county Bard, *Saturnianus*, in a poetical eulogium which was published in print about 1740. It is said that once when the old gentleman returned from an excursion on business, pretty late in the evening, he called to his black man Jack, and ordered him to put up his horse: perceiving the fellow was in a sullen humour, and muttered to himself as he went, Longhorne had the curiosity to follow him, unperceived, that he might learn the purport of his soliloquy, with which, it seems, he was a little diverted. "Mamma ride about de country—come home at night—all dark—call Jack—Jack come put away my horse—Jack tired and sleepy—poor Jack put away Massa's horse, all in de cold—Jack no like it—for tink, Jack's as good a man as Mr. Longhorne."

Some time ago, I enquired of a friend what was the reason he had so few men amongst us now-a-days, that would for eminence compare with the dignified character of the late and great *Saturnianus*. His reply was, that now, Jack had, in his own estimation, become as good a man as Mr. Longhorne.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Beloved of Heaven, the smiling Muse shall shed, Her moonlight halo round thy honoured head.

Campbell.

Whether we consider America as rising into national importance from the glory of her achievements, or the splendour of her emancipation, involves a question of no importance to the actual existence of the fact. If we look upon her as she now stands, with no companion in her form of government, we wonder at the temerity of that policy which could point her to such an untrodden path; and if we regard her in the felicity of her existing system of Republicanism, we admire the genius that planned, we bless the perseverance that executed, and adore the firmness of those stupendous intellects, who, among the confusion of a universal revolution, fixed her, a Republic, on a basis too immutable, too unchangeable to be shaken by the convulsions that have crumbled thrones and empires. So glorious an example should be the signal for the imitation of the world. So splendid an accomplishment should be the landmark for the guidance of the universe. It should raise the dormant feelings of the inhabitants to our north, and it should stimulate our brethren to the south to wrestle for a moment with the horrors of illegitimate persecution, till the period should arrive, when, casting behind them the fetters that have trammelled every energy of the soul, they rise a glorious Republic, on the ruins of a loathsome monarchy.

In contemplating the characters which the American revolution brought into the field of action, it requires no prejudice to exalt their virtues and extol their work; neither is it necessary for the existence of any unnatural feeling, to palliate those minor failings, of which, as soldiers and as statesmen, they were guilty. Any private anecdote, any little circumstance relating to these great men should be handed down from one generation to another, as the legacy of worth and bravery, to their anxious and admiring children. But let those things which expose the weaknesses of our patriotic fathers (for who, with all his generous prejudices, will deny that some belonged to them,) be buried in the impatient slumbers of eternity. Who is there that would sully such a noble theme, by the relation of one individual tale derogatory to the dazzling splendours of their well earned fame. Hallowed be the memories of such noble characters; sacred be the turf that rests upon them; and while there lives one generous American, let him look upon their tombs as the mementos of all that was great and good.

"Here shall the morn her earliest rays bestow, Here the first rays of the year shall blow."

Whether we are to consider under the general head of *classic ground*, every spot which may have been the scene of action, is a question which the reader must decide

for himself; for, as he decides, so he must consider the ground a few rods below the Swedes' Church. At that spot, there was, during the American revolution, an insignificant redoubt of some half a dozen guns, but with a garrison sufficiently courageous to point them against two British frigates, on their way to the city. The resistance, however, which this formidable battery opposed to the passage of the English, was not of so terrible a nature as to induce them to return, but after having exchanged a few shots, more by way of salute than retaliation, they proceeded on to the city. The writer once heard an aged female say, that when a girl, she and her companions in playing in and about the fort in question, amused themselves by opening and examining the ammunition boxes attached to every gun, and which being unemployed and empty, were open to their inspection, they were horror struck by finding in one, the body of an unfortunate individual who had committed suicide.

Within the burial ground of the Swedes' Church, repose the remains of the celebrated American Ornithologist, ALEXANDER WILSON; not as he requested when dying, overshadowed by willows, and birds singing o'er his grave; but without a single leaf to shade, or a single bough on which his favorite songster might warble o'er him.

December 7, 1823.

TALES OF THE DEEP.

THE STORM.—CONCLUDED.

I should, according to promise, have told you before, what were the immediate causes of Maria's grief. But the little incidents that force themselves upon my attention are so numerous, and to me so interesting, and awaken such recollections, that I cannot but indulge them, though it be at the expense of even appearing tedious. But you cannot be expected to feel that deep interest which I feel, and which I love to indulge, although it creates in my mind many melancholy sensations. You never listened to the clear, musical tones of her sweet voice, or beheld the gentle and eloquent expression of her fine countenance. She often sang, and with much tenderness and feeling. I remember well the last time we heard her; as usual we were seated on the deck, when the sun had just descended to its golden rest beyond the waters, and had left rich and magnificent piles of immense clouds above the spot where it had set, and which were gilded around their variegated edges with romantic brightness, and the smooth sea as far as the eye could trace it, was covered with equal brilliancy, it became softened by degrees, and finally the clouds, the waters, and the heavens all became suffused with a deep, solemn blue. It was then that we heard for the last time the melody of her sweet song—the evening was mild and calm, our white sails hung from the yards still and motionless, as if waiting to hear her accustomed voice, as if listening to catch the soft strain, or occasionally moving in undulating folds, gently fanning, as if to wait it away—where? to her home? to the skies. She sang, as we all hung in admiration on the melody, these beautiful lines, beginning

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortals can see,
So deep in my heart the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world rises silent to thee,
My God!—pure warm, fond, silent to thee,
Unheard by the world rises silent to thee," &c.

The third day after we left land a circumstance occurred which threw a gloom over every thing, and was feared, and with too much truth, to be the forerunner of affliction. One of the seamen was taken sick, and it immediately became evident that the scourge of tropical climates, the yellow fever, had commenced its ravages on board, and threatened all with destruction. What was to be done? was the fearful enquiry of all. Confined within such narrow bounds, flight was impossible. The next day, a second and a third were seized with the fatal symptoms, and the first was becoming delirious and at night expired; it now required all the attention of the well to assist the sick—every precaution was taken, every exertion was made that ingenuity could suggest; yet all seemed to be unavailing, and we waited in awful suspense the termination of our fate. Yet amid the terrors of our situation the dead were not forgotten; nor did we neglect to pay the last duties with becoming decency. That evening on which it expired, the first corpse was committed to the deep—it had been wrapped up and properly secured in a sheet, with a few pieces of lead sufficient to make it sink—it was then laid upon one of the hatches, which had been taken off for the purpose, and we all gathered around it, while our captain read with a voice expressive of that pious feeling and regret which the scene inspired, the funeral service for the dead; at the conclusion of which, the body was gently slid off and fell with a mournful splash into its liquid grave, which closed over, but hid it not, and we beheld it sink into an almost inconceivable distance down, down, as if it would never disappear for the water was so clear and transparent, it seemed loth to hide our fellow mortal in its watery bosom—we finally lost it, but thought ceased not to follow to its last resting place, to accompany it down in the distant immeasurable depth.

"Where months, years and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above it shall roll."

The pestilence raged in its fury and swept, Oh, need I tell you, it swept away among the rest, our two passengers. Maria survived, though she called upon death—and when clinging frantic to her mother's corpse, Oh awake, awake, she cried, I have none to comfort me but thee; Oh my mother, I cannot let thee go—Henry! too, oh my brother thou art gone, and now my mother, my mother!—But why should I pain you with a recital of her agonized sufferings, I cannot recollect them without anguish—suffice it say, she was torn from her embrace with despair marked upon her countenance. She at first could scarcely be constrained from throwing herself into the sea, to look as she said for her mother. She afterwards became more calm, but reason had fled, and she wandered about the vessel unconscious of every thing around her, till the fatal night of the storm, which ended her sufferings.

"On beds of green sea-flowers thy frame shall be laid,
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow,
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below."

FROM DWIGHT'S TRAVELS. CHARITY REWARDED.

Not many years after the County of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian came one day into an inn in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening—and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time, he observed, that he could pay for nothing, as he had no success in hunting—but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and supper—called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow—and told him that she did not work so hard herself to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man who sat by, and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so unpitiable a place, shewed by his countenance, that he was suffering severely from hunger and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him with what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper, he returned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and whenever he was able would faithfully recompense it. For the present, he observed, he could only reward him with a story, which if the hostess would give him leave he wished to tell. The hostess whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the bible says God made the world—and then he took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It is very good.' Then he made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees, and took him and looked on him, and said, 'It is all very good.' Then he made man and took him and looked on him, and say 'It is all very good.' Then he made woman, and took him and looked on him, and he dare say one such word." The Indian having told his story withdrew. Some years after, the man who had befriended him had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, then a frontier settlement, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout and carried to Canada.—When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe, on the southern borders of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded, that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him in the place of a son whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her, and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, while he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him and asked to meet him at a place which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner, agreed to the proposal, but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval these apprehensions increased to such a degree, as to disengage him effectually from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after the Indian found him at work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied, if he would meet at the same place on a future day, which he named.—The man promised to do so, and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him. The direction of their march was to the South.—The man followed, without the least knowledge of what he was going to do, or whither he was going—but concluded that if the Indian intended him harm, he would have dispatched him at the beginning, and that at the worst he was as safe where he now was as he could be in any other place. Within a short time, therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the day time they shot such game as came in their way—and at night kindled a fire, by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days, they came one morning to the top of an eminence presenting a prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide, then after reminding him, that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famished Indian, at an inn in that town, subjoined, "I am that Indian—now I pay you—go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu—and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

The following anecdote is extracted from the 2d edition of "a description of Brunswick, Maine," lately published. It is a good story.

Among the first settlers of Brunswick, Me. was Daniel Malcom, a man of undaunted courage, and an inveterate enemy of the Indians, who gave him the name of *Sungumumby*, i. e. *a very strong man*.—Early in the spring, he ventured alone into the forest for the purpose of splitting rails from the spruce, not apprehensive of the return of the Indians so early in the season. While engaged at his work, and having opened a log with small wedges about half its length, he was surprised by Indians, who crept up and secured his musket, standing by his side. "Sungumumby," said the chief, "now me got you; long me want you; you long time speak Indian, long time want you; you have got you now, look up stream to Canada."—"Well," said Malcom, with true sagacity, "you have me, but just help me open this log before I go!" They all five in number, agreed. Malcom prepared a large wooden wedge, carefully drove it, took out the small wedges and told the Indians to put in their fingers to the partially cleft wood, and help pull it open; they did it; he then suddenly struck out his blunt wedge and the elastic wood instantly closed fast on their fingers, and he secured them all.

A Jolly Sailor.—A jolly Sailor, indeed—if he is jolly, it is when he is on shore, and because he is not at sea. And so we see him on sign-posts, but if we judge him by appearance, on his own element, his spirits are generally below the common standard, and nothing seems to vivify him but "re-dee about," "helm's a-lee," "fire sheet," "fore-top bulwain," "haul main-top sail," &c. &c. A cap-tain or a ploughman beguiles his labors with a song, but, from the cheerful ways of men cut off, the sailor's occupation has more of the silliness of death; his carelessness is vacuity, but unlike Cymon, he does not go whistling for want of thought. Indeed, his voice is seldom heard but in "Aye! Aye!" or "O'hoose yo! hoose yo!" as heavy as the anchor he weighs. And what cause has he for joy?—he is either on the tottering deck, or sunk in a noisome scuttle; eats himself into a scurvy with salt meats, and drinks dirty water; rests only from great fatigue, or from the listlessness of doing nothing; doses in the day, and watches in the night; and at the time when all the world runs to shelter, he is then when all the world runs to shelter, he is then most exposed. He has less self-direction than a man of any of the other civil classes of society, his bondage differing in nothing from the soldier's, but in the privilege of changing his master; for one he must always have.

MONDAY, December 1, 1833.

This being the day established by the Constitution for the meeting of the Eighteenth Congress, at an early hour a large majority of both Houses were assembled in their respective Chambers, where the following Proceedings took place

IN THE SENATE:

The Hon. Mr. GALLARD, President pro tempore, took the chair, and called the Senate to order, at 12 o'clock.

On calling over the roll, it appeared that there were 33 members present, who being duly qualified, took their seats.

The usual orders for the appointment of chaplains, for supplying the members with newspapers, and for the appointment of joint committees on enrolled bills, were severally passed.

Messrs. BARBOUR and MACOY were appointed a committee, jointly, with such as the House may appoint, to wait upon the President of the United States, and inform him of the organization of the two Houses, and of their readiness to receive any communication from him; and then

The Senate adjourned to 11 o'clock tomorrow.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At 12 o'clock, precisely, the Clerk called the House to order, and the roll being read, and it ascertained that a quorum was present,

Mr. TAYLOR, of New York, rose and remarked, that, it having been publicly announced that he was considered a candidate for the Speaker's Chair, and several Representatives having avowed their intention to vote in his favor; for the purpose of correcting any mistake upon this subject which might exist here or elsewhere, he thought proper to state that he was not a candidate, and that, if his friends consulted his wishes, they would not, on this occasion, support him for the office. This frank declaration, he said, appeared to be due to the House and to those gentlemen who were understood to be candidates, as well as to himself.

The house then proceeded, by ballot, to the election of a Speaker, and, upon an examination of the ballots, it appeared that HENRY CLAY, one of the Representatives from the State of Kentucky, had 139 votes, and that PHILIP P. BARBOUR, one of the Representatives from the State of Virginia, had received 42 votes.

Mr. CLAY was, therefore, declared to be duly elected, and conducted to the Speaker's chair, from whence he made acknowledgments to the House in the following terms:

Gentlemen: I pray you to accept my most respectful thanks for the honor which you have just conferred on me. The State of Kentucky has been always justly considered as one of great respectability and dignity, as well as of high responsibility. But at the present period, and under the influence of your selection, its number considerably enlarged, and the highest interests of a greatly augmented population committed to our charge, it has acquired much additional importance, which requires an elevation of the talents and character of its members, and the expression of the profound sensibility. The principles which should regulate the execution of the duties of the incumbent of the office are, first, the preservation of order, as the basis of all firmness and dignity in his department towards the house; patience, good temper, and courtesy towards the individual members; and the best arrangement of business, for the dispatch of the public business, and the fair exhibition of every subject presented for consideration. They especially require of him in those moments of agitation, from which no deliberative assembly is always entirely exempt, to remain calm and unshaken, amidst all the storm of debate, carefully guarding the preservation of the permanent laws and rules of the House, from being sacrificed to temporary passions, prejudices or interests. It is on such occasions as these, too, that the Chief stands most in need of your support, and assistance, your cheerful and untiring aid. I am not so presumptuous, gentlemen, as to presume you that I shall perform the arduous duties, of which I have presumed to assume the task, without the aid of you, the House. I will exert an anxious, faithful, and unremitting endeavor to fulfill the expectations by which I have been so much honored. And may we not indulge the hope, that your united voice will bear witness to the wisdom of your choice, and that your proceedings may tend to sustain the dignity of the House, to maintain the honor and character of the country, and to advance the public welfare and happiness.

The oath to support the Constitution of the United States, as prescribed by law, was then administered to the Speaker by Mr. NEWTON, one of the Representatives from Virginia, and the same oath, (or affirmation) was then administered by the Speaker to all the other members present.

After the House had been organized and some business of minor importance transacted a message was received from the Senate by Mr. CUTTS, their Secretary, informing the House that a quorum of the Senate had assembled, and was ready to proceed to business; and that they have concurred in the resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee to wait on the President of the United States, &c.

And then the House adjourned.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

National Intelligencer, Extra,
Tuesday, December 2, 1833.

This day, at 12 o'clock, the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES transmitted to both Houses of Congress, by the hands of his Private Secretary, the following

MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate
and House of Representatives:

Many important subjects will claim your attention during the present session, of which I shall endeavour to give, in aid of your deliberations, a just idea in this communication. I undertake this duty with diffidence, from the vast extent of the interests on which I have to treat, and of their great importance to every portion of our Union. I venture on it with zeal, from a thorough conviction that there never was a period, since the establishment of our revolution, when, regarding the condition of the civilized world, and its bearing on us, there was greater cause for foreboding in the public servants to their respective duties, or for virtue, patriotism, and union, in our constituents.

Meeting in your new Congress, I deem it proper to present this view of public affairs in greater detail than might otherwise be necessary. I do it, however, with peculiar satisfaction, from a knowledge that, in this respect, I shall comply more fully with the sound principles of our government. The people being with us exclusively the sovereign, it is indispensable that full information be laid before them on all important subjects, to enable them to exercise that high power with complete effect. If kept in the dark, they must be incompetent to it. We are all liable to error, and those who are engaged in the management of public affairs, are more subject to excitement, and to be led astray by their particular interests and passions, than the great body of our constituents, who, living at home, in the pursuit of their ordinary avocations, are calm but deeply interested spectators of events, and of the conduct of those who are parties to them. To the people, every department of the government, and every individual officer, are responsible; and the moral basis of their independence.

This is a vertical, high-contrast black and white photograph. The image depicts a heavily textured surface, likely the cover of an old book or a piece of aged, weathered paper. The texture is characterized by numerous vertical wrinkles, creases, and ridges that run down the length of the frame. On the right side, there is a prominent, dark, almost black vertical strip that appears to be a binding or a different material layer. The left side is lighter, showing the underlying material with some horizontal lines. The overall appearance is one of significant age and wear.

Than woe to be pursued
And sighing and cursing
From morning to night
In this wretched quagmire
Whilst your woes never
Fore'd to smile, all the
That your bawling w
In lazy twander,
No longer I'll wander,
Like a goose or a gad,
To chase away care
Like to-day, so to-morrow
May finish in sorrow,
Then relief let me have
From welcome despair